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THE BYSTANDER
October 30, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander

"The Old and Bold"

This white-haired veteran of past campaigns has gone back to school at the War Office's new training centre for the Home Guard (latest nickname, "The Old and Bold"). This school at Hurlingham replaces Osterley Park as chief training-ground. Here from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. for three (later on for five) days, members of the Home Guard will learn about the latest arms and tactics, under a Commandant and staff of Regular Army officers and men. Instructors from the International Brigade have also been transferred from Osterley Park to Hurlingham. The brief intensive training should give pupils a new perspective of the Home Guard's extremely important place in the defence scheme, and send them back to their units primed with enthusiasm as well as instruction to hand on to their mates

American Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, visited the Mounted Home Guard just before his return to the United States. He is seen with bearded, spectacled Rigby Crooker, Officer Commanding the Mounted Home Guard, and Horace Smith, the well-known riding-master. One American newspaper has surmised that Mr. Kennedy is returning because of a disagreement with President Roosevelt. Arriving just before the elections, Mr. Kennedy may yet be a factor to be reckoned with in the coming vote

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

IT is with a heavy heart that I sit down to write "The Passing Hour" for the last time—at any rate until the war is over. The BYSTANDER is making its bow, and going into cold storage for the duration. It is one of the casualties of the war, but it is not a fatal casualty. Some plaster of Paris, a few splints, and, above all, a complete rest, and a cure is guaranteed. It is my great hope that the next "Passing Hour" will contain a description of the ringing of the Victory bells from the battered but indomitable churches of London.

IT will be strange not to see the old familiar cover of The BYSTANDER on the platform bookstalls, or in the smoking-room of the club, or in the waiting-room of the dentist. During the eight years in which I have been a member of the contributing staff, I have had many distinguished colleagues. I rather fancy that I succeeded Mr. Ralph Straus on the book page when I first joined up. Gerard Fairlie did the golf (he is now a major in an infantry unit), Eric Maschwitz was the "Bystanders," and Howard Marshall did a page on sport in general.

LATER on, Philip Jordan succeeded Maschwitz, and John Morrison—now an officer in the R.A.F.—took over from "Joe" Fairlie. Miss Helme, of course, bloomed eternally fresh on the subject of women's golf. Herbert Farjeon joined the staff as dramatic critic. Then I followed Jordan as the "Bystanders" and handed over the book page to Alan Thomas, now the Editor of the *Listener*, who was afterwards succeeded by V. S. Pritchett, the novelist and critic. Then late one night I was foolish enough to take a short cut through a dark alley-way in Soho, and was instantly sloshed on the back of the head with a stuffed eel-skin by "Slogger" Wyndham Lewis, who was rewarded at once with my job. However, a kindly Editor founded "The Passing Hour" for me after I came out of hospital.

BUT by far the most famous of BYSTANDER contributors is, of course, Captain Bairnsfather, and it was a great joy when he resurrected Old Bill and put him first into the Pioneer Corps in France and then into the Home Guard in this country. Whatever happens to weekly journals in time of war, nothing can ever kill Old Bill. He is the spirit incarnate of the soldiery of Britain, from Crecy to Dunkirk and on.

THE Italian invasion of Egypt seems to have come to a standstill, for the time being at any rate. Marshal Graziani, the butcher of Libya, has made a spectacular rush across the desert for seventy miles, none of it defended, and has halted to think again, or take a deep breath, or pull up his socks, or muster up his courage, or whatever it is that butchers do when they come up against a strongly entrenched British Army, supported by the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force. Mr. Churchill gave, as usual, the perfect description of Signor Mussolini and his friends in his broadcast to France, when he spoke about "Hitler's little Italian accomplice, trotting along hopefully and hungrily, but rather wearily and very timidly, at his side."

THE Italians certainly brought off a very considerable feat of aviation when they bombed the oil-refineries at Bahrein. The flight must have been very nearly 3000 miles. At the same time, they dropped bombs on Saudi Arabia. Thus the Protector of Islam, as Mussolini calls himself, succeeded in bombing two neutral Islamic States, and during Ramadan at that. The aeroplanes must also have crossed the Holy cities of Mecca and Medina as well. Not a bad day's work for a Protector.

MEXICO has cancelled a large concession to Japan for oil-exploration. President Cardenas, in signing the cancellation, announced that he was doing so in the "interests of Continental solidarity." This is very important, because in the last few weeks Japan has been making desperate attempts to buy up anything in the way of war material which Mexico has to sell, in order to prepare against the day when the United States may finally lose their temper with the Japs and put an embargo upon oil as well as the existing embargo on scrap-iron and octane petrol.

At long last official steps are being taken to control bus-queues. This is one of the things that make one despair of our bureaucracy. It only needed a single walk in the streets at the rush-hour, by a single humane man, to see the horrible scenes that have been enacted at hundreds of bus-stops. Girls, tired, overworked, nerve-shaken, stand in a queue for half an hour, and then are brutally pushed aside by a man who has just arrived. I doubt if it is possible to get a keener thrill of satisfaction in these days than I got a few days ago, when I happened to be passing one of these queues and hooked my umbrella handle round the ankle of a rough queue-breaker. He was like a rather dirty salmon on a hook.

As I have said before, the resumption of horse-racing, which took place under National Hunt Rules last week, is exactly on a par with the refusal to pull down the railings in the London squares and gardens. So long as rich men and women keep race-horses in training, so long as the railings are allowed to stand, the appeals for savings and for scrap are sheer hypocrisy. The low-water-mark was reached last week by a lady who wrote to the *Times* and said: that if the railings were pulled down, "an army of police and caretakers" would be required to protect the trees and shrubs.

The Royal and Ancient game of golf has had its ups and downs in Italy. Some years ago it caught on considerably. Count Ciano was a keen player. Then came the official anti-British propaganda, and golf was barred as a British importation. But now it has been officially discovered that it was originally invented by the Etruscans, and so Count Ciano is able to take out his trusty niblick again, and Signor Gayda is at liberty to extricate himself, if he can, from at least one variety of bad lie. And now we know why Lars Porsena swore by those nine gods of his.

And now I am coming to the end of my journey sadly and reluctantly. Seldom has a commentary received such kindness and courtesy from its readers as the "Passing Hour"—always excepting those ladies and gentlemen who used to applaud with such sickening folly the bombing of Guernica by the Huns, and the bombing of British merchant-ships by the Organ-Grinders. For them I have nothing but loathing and contempt, just as they had for me.

But for the rest of you I have nothing but gratitude. "The Passing Hour" has not always fought with velvet gloves on. It has often been rough and tough. It has attacked Vandals and Huns, hypocrites, profiteers, Little Englanders, cowards, embusqués, cruelty, stupidity, and anything and anyone who was likely to say or do anything which might harm the British Empire and the causes for which the Empire is fighting. But with those slight reservations, "The Passing Hour" has tried to please and entertain.

And now, au revoir, until the Bystander rises from the dust of the bomb-explosions and dances once more in the sunlight, to the thunderous pealing of the Bells of Victory.

***Belgian Ministers** who have arrived in London from France, via Spain, are the Foreign Minister, M. Spaak, and the Prime Minister, M. Pierlot, here with the Minister of Colonies, M. de Fleeschauwer. The travellers had no easy journey, slept in fields and were arrested once before they reached safety. Another colleague, M. Gutt, the Finance Minister, gave an excellent broadcast last Thursday on the constitutional position and aims of the Belgian Government now working from London for the liberation of their King and their country*

AU REVOIR!—BUT NOT ADIEU!

It is hard to take a final curtain, and it is good that the "Bystander" is to be spared that ordeal. But this war is exacting sacrifices from which there is no escape.

Paper must be conserved, and it is a patriotic duty, quite apart from Government regulations, not to use a single ream where half a ream will do.

And so, the "Bystander"—*as a separate entity*—must leave the stage for a while.

Commencing with the next issue (November 6th), the "Bystander" will be merged with "The Tatler"—two old friends sharing an illustrious title, hand-in-hand for the duration.

For regular readers of the "Bystander" this is an important event, because it means that they will get the best of two papers in one—the retention of the "Bystander's" major regular features—Bairnsfather's "Old Bill" series; D. B. Wyndham Lewis's witty commentary "Standing By"; Herbert Farjeon on the Theatre; exclusive ballet pictures and articles (in season); "Getting Married, Weddings and Engagements"; plus all the famous "Tatler" contributors and illustrations, covering the entire field of social activities:

"The Way of the War," by "Fore-sight"
James Agate on the Cinema
Bridget Chetwynd's "Social Roundabout"
"With Silent Friends"—Richard King's famous Book Causerie
"Pictures in the Fire," by "Sabretache"
Oliver Stewart's Air Commentary
"Bubble and Squeak"—stories from everywhere
Short Story

Next week, we ask you . . . be pleased to receive

THE "TATLER and BYSTANDER"

If you now receive the "Bystander" by order upon your regular newsagent, in the future he will send you the combined paper. We are certain you will enjoy it, but your newsagent will appreciate an instruction to deliver. He will gladly do the rest.

AFTER THE WAR, THE "BYSTANDER" WILL REAPPEAR AS A SEPARATE PUBLICATION

***Letters** take up a vast amount of Sylvia Pankhurst's time, nowadays mostly in connection with the Women's War Emergency Council. This brings her endless appeals for advice and help. Her own writing of editorials and articles she does in longhand, correcting her work again and again before it goes to the typewriter*

Still Fighting

Sylvia Pankhurst, Indomitable Champion of Freedom, at Her Essex Home

As a girl Sylvia Pankhurst meant to be an artist. But she was the daughter of Emmeline Pankhurst, and already in her twenties she had begun the fight for women's rights that she still wages to-day. As a Suffragette she was frequently imprisoned, hunger-struck thirteen times. She opposed the war of 1914-18, was fined for anti-war speeches, worked incessantly for the wives and children of men in the Forces. The Russian Revolution pleased her, the rise to power of Fascism and Nazi-ism did not. In the twenties she founded and worked for several anti-Fascist organisations; in the thirties victims of aggression in China, Abyssinia, Austria, Czechoslovakia had her active championship. Now she works once more for her own countrywomen, fighting, as she did in the last war, for the welfare of wives and children of men in the Services, and for the organisation of quick, understanding help for air-raid victims. These pictures of Miss Pankhurst were taken at West Dene, her home at Woodford Green, in Essex

Photographs by Pictorial Press

***A newspaper,** "The New Times and Ethiopia News," is edited in a minimum of space at Miss Pankhurst's home. She founded it when the Italians took Addis Ababa to give news of Ethiopia in defiance of Fascist censorship, and as an "organ of international justice"*

***Eight books** by Sylvia Pankhurst (she has written ten) lined up here are "Save the Mothers," "India and the Earthly Paradise," "The Home Front," "The Life of Emmeline Pankhurst," "The Suffragette," "Poems of Mihail Eminescu" (translated), "The Suffragette Movement," "Delphos"*

***Minutes and memoranda**, articles, letters and leaflets are the weapons Miss Pankhurst wields for justice and freedom. She works in a room crowded with books and papers, pictures, photographs, and mementos of past campaigns. Since war began she has devoted most time to the Women's War Emergency Council, which she started with the object of getting war separation allowances increased. Women's employment, food questions, quick payment of compensation are other matters about which leaflets have been issued, deputations to Government Departments organised, meetings addressed in House of Commons committee-rooms*

People in the Lighter News

Clairvoyante

Miss Nell St. John Montagu surveyed Piccadilly from underneath the arches of the Ritz where she had been lunching. Most famous clairvoyante of to-day, she is also a well-known figure in the social world

Singer

Hella Toros came back to London from Scotland to make a sudden close acquaintance with an incendiary bomb. This she promptly extinguished and handed over to a warden. She had been up in Glasgow appearing in "The Show Boat"

Fur Coats

Mrs. A. J. Dewar and the Hon. Mrs. Simon Combe lunched together in their winter coats one chilly day last week. Mrs. Dewar now runs her East Grinstead house as an officers' convalescent home. Mrs. Combe is the Earl of Leicester's granddaughter

With a Parcel

Viscount Scarsdale was in London last week, walked along Piccadilly with "The Times" and a parcel. He is now a Major in the Mobile Anti-Aircraft Corps, used to be in the Scots Greys. Kedleston in Derbyshire is his home

With a Peke

Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, black-suited and befurred, and leading her Peke, met the photographer in Arlington Street. She is the wife of Prince Vsevelode of Russia, was Lady Mary Lygon before her marriage last year

Christening

Judith Elizabeth Pakenham was christened at Oxford where her parents live. Her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Frank Pakenham, is the wife of the Earl of Longford's brother, was Elizabeth Harman before she married in 1931. The Pakenhams have three other children, two boys and a girl

Stage Star and Star Benefactor

Pat Kirkwood sang to an R.A.F. audience at a variety concert organised by herself and some fellow-stars. At the concert she cracked a joke with Lord Nuffield who has given more startling sums to charity than anyone else in the country. His latest gift is a quarter of a million pounds' worth of War Bonds to the War Weapons Week Funds of Oxford, Birmingham and Coventry

Guardian of Books

C. J. Purnell has 500,000 responsibilities—the books of the London Library of which he is librarian and secretary. He sleeps on the premises, had this incendiary bomb through the roof one night but put it out before any damage was done. He succeeded the late Sir Charles Hagberg Wright in his present post last April, before that had been deputy librarian for thirty-one years

Artist on Wheels

H. H. Harris, creator of jokes, posters and caricatures, is now touring the Midlands in a caravan, making lightning sketches of anyone who will contribute half-a-crown or more to the R.A.F. Comforts Fund. "Bill" Harris has decorated many a "Bystander" page with his cartoons, particularly of sporting personalities, more particularly still of golfers. Another big claim to fame was his "Bovril Prevents That Sinking Feeling" poster

Song-writer in Uniform

"Much More Lovely" is Captain David Heneker's latest; he wrote it in twenty minutes, and his publishers cabled it to New York right away. "Mist on the River" was another recent success, and he also wrote a cabaret song for Gabrielle Brune. Officially he is personal assistant to Major-Gen. Ian Hay Beith in the War Office Public Relations Department. He is the son of General Sir William Heneker

As a mother of a daughter now in America, she writes a weekly letter to the U.S.

All work and no play is not quite literal when applied to Cathleen Nesbitt, for she appears in Lunch-time Shakespeare at the Strand Theatre. In excerpts produced by Donald Wolfit she has taken the parts of Lady Macbeth and Beatrice. When she is through at the theatre Miss Nesbitt travels home to Buckinghamshire, where she gives most of her free time to the local hospital, serving tea to the patients and washing up and laying tables in the staff dining-room. In private life she is Mrs. Cecil Ramage, mother of two lovely children. She lives at Cottars Barn, Penn. Her son, Mark, is at Eton and her fourteen-year-old schoolgirl daughter, Jennifer, is staying with friends in America. Jennifer's letters to her mother are so interesting and incisive that the American magazine *Life* has asked permission to publish them

Cathleen Nesbitt Goes To It

As an Actress at Lunch-time and a Waitress at Tea-time

As a waitress she serves tea at the local hospital

As an actress she appears at the Strand

As a gardener in her Buckinghamshire home she digs for victory

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Ridgeway's Late Joys" (13, Albemarle Street)

UNDER the congenial and commanding direction of Mr. Leonard Sachs, *Ridgeway's Late Joys* have, for the duration, removed their habitat from King to Albemarle Street, demonstrating in the process that they can eat and drink as well as sing both high and low. Temporarily forsaking the attic of their origin, since attics lack something of their erstwhile charm, they are now to be found in a most excellently-appointed, central-heated, air-conditioned basement shelter, adjoining (though you 'd never guess it) a public shelter through which there is an extra exit to Bond Street. Their performances start nightly at 7.30 (with a couple of additional ones at 5.30 on Tuesdays and Fridays). They open at 5, providing refreshments, snacks, darts and bar billiards all night long. They invite you to " bring a rug and cushion if you want to stay the night," which almost everybody does. And so warming is the atmosphere of ease and friendliness that has been maintained, so reassuring the impeccability of the management, so pleasant the company of friends while whatever goes on goes on inaudibly outside, that I don't see how the *Joys* could fail to keep up their popularity. I shall, in fact, be very much surprised if they don't at least double it.

THE artists, when they are on the stage, remain staunchly Victorian, though most of them are thoroughly up-to-date in the way they make direct hits. Here, once again, is the Hon. Maude Eddison, née Robert, with her eagle eye and well-salvaged vocal technique, ready to answer any question and to put everybody in his place. Here are Hedli Anderson and Helen Goss, and Archie Harradine, of course, is " one of 'em." The Aspidistras oblige, and much obliged we are to them ; Joan Sterndale-Bennett contributes her flawlessly acute character-song-studies ; also, on my night, there was Joan Gates, a newcomer, with a voice fit to blow the reinforced concrete off the ceiling, the real tough stuff, making most people think of Marie Lloyd and many people talk of her.

AND how, after the show is over, you do talk, gathering into the groups you fancy, and then drifting off into your fancy even more. Of course, there is a certain amount of chat about bombs, but the *bomb mots* are only by the way. You do, actually, seem for once to have all sorts of other things to talk about. I think I can say that I got at *Ridgeway's Late Joys* the first taste of real sociability I have had in London for quite a little week or two. If you want to dance after the show, you can dance, but the dancing doesn't set up a din. If you want soup before you sleep, most excellent soup it is. And so, as Pepys might have said, to rug and cushion, lying awake for a few minutes as you think what a queer world it is, what fools these mortals be, what a lot there is still to be grateful for, how sunny it was when you were a child, how important it is not to become hard and brutalised, and how those snores are very likely the snores of the Hon. Maude Eddison herself . . . but probably you are well asleep yourself by this time, dreaming, maybe, that all sorts of people are seeing you before you 've shaved.

Sketches by Sallon

Leonard Sachs, Chairman Extraordinary, introduces the Hon. Maude (Robert) Eddison, Helen Goss, Joan Gates, Archie Harradine, Hedli Anderson, The Aspidistras (John Mott and Elsie French), Joan Sterndale-Bennett, and Sidney Young at the piano

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Well, you would join the Bomb-Disposal Squad"

Slogger A. P. Herbert's appointment as a Thames Conservator is doubtless a hasty move to pacify the Slogger and console him for the Thames steamer-service flop. As to the exact duties of a Conservator we're rather hazy, except that the word suggests "amenities," which inevitably suggests (with a light shiver) the Lake District, which as inevitably suggests Sir Hugh Walpole, who suggests the P.E.N. Club, which suggests the booksy racket, which suggests bloody murder and the Black Hand, which suggests pre-Fascist Sicily, which suggests Theocritus, who suggests Vergil, who was no good, as Samuel Butler explained, because Tennyson ran him. Apart from such vain but pleasing mental wanderings, the word "Conservator" also suggests to us a stout opulent personage with a severe glassy kind of eye smoking a cigar and signing an order to keep somebody away from something, which, when you think of it, is half the art of Life.

Some of the upper Thames reaches are still undefiled by Progress, and we hope Slogger Herbert will conserve them with brutal care and write, some time, a story about them as good as his *House by the River*, which is about the old Hammersmith sports of lust and homicide. Barring the simple humours of Jerome K. Jerome and a few dainty essays, we have nothing about the Thames reaches to speak of, and we look to the Slogger to whack out something to equal the Seine stories of Maupassant, though week-end boating parties and aquatic romps, pushings and slaps are as rare nowadays on one river as on the other. However, a group of female dons carousing at (say) the Trout Inn at Godstow, their shameless swagger and cynical œillades contrasting with the calm summer evening beauty of the riverside scene, would make a good Maupassantesque starting-point for a short story. A week later the body of a tiny female Professor of Cosmology, the most abandoned of the whole gang, would be found in the reeds near Datchet. We don't expect even a nod from Slogger Herbert in acknowledgment of help like this. (We knew him when he was only a footpath through *Punch*.)

Sleuths

Criticisms of the British Secret Service's activities in this war, as compared with its feats in the last, are cropping up more and more in the public prints, chiefly from that type of citizen who needs a bigger and better Mata Hari shot twice a week. Yet to blame our spy boys instead of the Foreign Office for Norway and Dakar, to begin with, may be rank injustice. Who on earth can tell from the outside in a war like this? In 1914-18 masses of people knew broadly what was going on, except perhaps a few of the General Staff on either side; this time the theatre of conflict is so different and the intrigue so much more enormous, hidden, and tortuous that we doubt if even the *New Statesman* boys would be found holding all the clues. However, a large proportion of the Island Race would forgive and forget any number of major diplomatic defeats if the Secret Service produced at intervals a blonde spy with magnetic eyes and had her bumped off in the Tower, and it might be policy to find a few before long. God knows there is no lack of magnetic-eyed blondes in this man's country, each more dumb than any Mata Hari.

Once more we suggest soberly that if Fleet Street were running this war there would be very few squeaks from the citizenry. Somebody on the lines of Hilda von Arnim in *Greenmantle* would pretty soon be run to earth by the Press boys; a creature divinely tall and lovely, utterly ruthless and diabolic, with a big subtle brain, pulling with delicate well-manicured fingers the thousand invisible strings of a world-wide pro-Axis spy organisation directed from somewhere in England completely remote, yet sufficiently near London to make the early editions. Perhaps the super-spy would be in love with a young British subaltern? Anyway, the boys would run her on the front page for a couple of weeks, have her shot ("Firing Squad Sensation Drama"—"Soldiers In Tears As Blonde Pyjama Super-Spy Sings 'Parted'"), and find a successor with ease, and meanwhile the F.O. could be taking toss after toss imperturbably, without ruffling its glossy hair one whit, until there was nothing diplomatic left to lose. Not that there's much now.

Chance

A faint new hope seems to dawn for Etonians, who go through life handicapped, as a writer in the Eton magazine sadly acknowledged the other day, by a reputation for snobbery. A statistician whom nobody has yet questioned—or, which is more useful, socked—has announced that if every schoolboy in Great Britain wore shorts instead of trousers it would save 3,750,000 yards of valuable cloth a year. Now, apart from the economy, it is impossible to be supercilious in shorts, the exposure of the human knee in all its anfractuosities to the wonder or derision of the populace being a well-known incentive to Christian humility, especially in cases where the knee is not only knobbly but red, like the knees of Empire-builders, the simplest and most modest of men (see Slogger Maugham's works, *passim*). Boy Scouts and the Highland branch of the Scottish nation are other obvious

examples. When Highlanders enveloped themselves in the toga-like plaid they were devils for pride, high-stomached, overbearing, orgulous, thrasonic, and stiff with caste-consciousness. The invention of the kilt by the Germans in the late eighteenth century very soon changed these chieftains into the mild, courteous, self-deprecatory, docile, matey chaps we know and love to-day.

Compare also the kindly Tyrolean in his leather shorts and the Greek mountaineer in his fustanella, each baring his knees daily to a censorious world and devoid utterly of aloofness, *more Etonicense*. And we strongly guess that the uneducated Old Etonian who wrote to the *Times* the other day humbly ("I cannot attach blame to my masters") begging for a translation of Winchester's Latin message of congratulation to Eton during the recent 500th centenary celebrations has been addicted to shorts for a long time. If not, this vile attack on Wykehamist Latinity is like to cost him dear if The Macdonell of Macdonell gets to hear of it, we dare aver.

Snag

THE passing of Tom Mix, greatest of cowboy film stars, whose horse Tony is said to have been the only horse that has ever been taken to dinner at the Savoy—a manifest untruth when you look round the restaurant any smart night—recalls Hollywood's major upheaval, so far: namely, the advent of the talkies. Poor Mr. Mix, as rugged and hairy-chested a guy as ever chucked mustang over shoulder, had a voice which didn't match his appearance. So had that other idol of the silent screen, among others, John Gilbert, who once proved to us hotly at a New York party that this darned newfangled talking racket couldn't last six months. (Authorities were proving the same in the early 1900's about the newfangled motor-car, a noisy, smelly, ridiculous contrivance obviously doomed from birth.) Judging by the Hollywood voices which have survived this fiery test, you might truly deduce that those which didn't must have been pretty terrible. Gilbert's was the hard, flat, percussive, average North American, and unlike more provident actors, he was unable to change it overnight for the soft drawling charm of the South. Tom Mix's voice was apparently high and thin, like the voice of Charlemagne, that dread lord.

As for Mix's horse Tony, a chap who was present when Mr. Mix rode him into the Savoy for dinner tells us that apart from his perfect manners Tony was a much finer human type than the British film moguls cheering him, which is not difficult to believe.

Bomb

AFTER St. Paul's Cathedral, the *Times*. Auntie's back-page photograph of her bombed façade was deeply impressive, and its effect on the populace (we hear) electrifying. As for Fleet Street, it was a nest of angry hornets. Fists were shaken in every milk-bar. In the downstairs bar of the Falstaff terrific oaths were drunk in blood, a chap we know avers, and the deputy assistant advertising manager of *Our Feathered Chums* leaped on a table, like Camille Desmoulins, and after distributing imaginary cockades to the hysterical crowd with a fiery speech, was trampled underfoot. From one end of the Street of Adventure to the other cries and vows of vengeance were heard, the Hackneyed Allusion alternating shrilly with the Slipshod Extension, the Popularised Misuse blending hoarsely with the Incongruous Vocabulary, the Nominativus Pendens clashing musically with the Fallacy of Irrelevant Conclusion, and a nasal groundbass or faux-bourdon of pseudo-Times-Square-Americanese from the direction of the big glass palazzo in Shoe Lane binding the whole symphony.

But (we hear you asking impatiently) what of pretty little Zizette, the *Times'* vivandière? She is unscathed, save for the normal bruises and scratches incidental to her employment. Her eyes—"big gay eyes would bring folly from a great scholar"—are sparkling as ever as she swings down the majestic corridors of Printing House Square with her tiny barrel of *fine maison*, tossing her golden curls, humming a naughty little Montmartre chanson, winking at the Iron Guard sentries, side-stepping the Zouave patrols, and implanting in many an aged leader-writer's heart the dart of cruel Eros. Ah, Zizette! Ah, la garce! Thy smile is intoxication, child. But beware! Should yon benevolent venerable warrior with the rusty flintlock invite thee to step in and inspect his etchings, fly! Ah, pauvrette, mais non! Fi donc!

Personal

CONGRATULATIONS to our handsome and popular old colleague and roadster, Professor A. G. Macdonell, who has recently taken up residence at Belial College, Oxford, where his appointment to the Bumpton Chair of Bicycling—the crown of a life's ambition—has caused widespread alarm in academic circles. Prof. Macdonell, who has already contradicted and struck the Master of Belial twice at High Table on the question of rounding corners with one arm akimbo, will deliver six Bumpton Lectures, beginning next month with "Fondling from the Back-Step; Its Nature, Implications, Prevention, and Cure." Prof. Macdonell thinks the bicycle a great improvement on the horse. Previous reports that he had been appointed a scout were formally denied by the Bursar. "The Professor, though kindly, is of far too rich and passionate a temperament to be able to express himself fully in such humble employment," the Bursar added, reaching for the decanter.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"As we have a few minutes in hand before the next part of the meal, perhaps you'd care to hear a gramophone record"

Films of the Day

Success Story With a Moral

By George Campbell

THE story of Thomas Alva Edison is pre-eminently a success story. That is why he is one of the few celebrities considered worthy of a film biography in two parts—in fact, the only one deliberately so honoured twice by the same studio. Judged by the success test, Nelson, the lover of Emma Hamilton and the dying victor of Trafalgar, can be dealt with adequately in one production. And Napoleon—unhappy lover, deceived husband, loser at Waterloo—it 's even harder to make a conventional success story out of *him*, which is said by experts to account for the fact that, apart from the ineffably silly *Royal Divorce*, he has never been the hero of a really popular play.

Only two men that I can think of, besides Edison, have been thought deserving of a film two-decker. One is Lincoln, recently played by Henry Fonda as a young backwoods lawyer, and by Raymond Massey as the rising statesman ; the other is Disraeli, shortly to have a companion piece to the portrait that emphasised his resemblance—remarkable if it were not shared by so many of history's greater men—to Mr. George Arliss.

SPENCER TRACY, in *Edison the Man*, takes over a few years after Mickey Rooney, in *Young Tom Edison*, leaves off ; and if his latest performance lacks some of the fire and picturesqueness of his Robert Rogers in "Northwest Passage," it is still a fine, solid bit of portraiture such as precious few other actors could have given us.

Edison was the typical American. That is to say, he was half-Dutch, half-Scots, self-made, and possessed of the simplicity of taste, directness of mind and homely philosophy of so many American sages from Benjamin Franklin onward. "What is the greatest invention in the world ? " asks the school reporter in *Edison the Man*. "A blade of grass," replies the inventor of the talking machine. "And the most valuable thing in the world ? " "That 's easy. Time. Because all the money in the world can't buy a single minute of it."

Don't be alarmed. *Edison the Man* is not a sententious film. On the contrary, it is agreeably low-pitched, sensible, and unpretentious, a success story as free of vulgarity as *Pasteur* or *The Magic Bullet*. His inventions brought Edison millions, but the Puritan tradition which he inherited from his parents, which stretched, in any case, from New England as far as Fort Huron, Michigan, where he had his three months' schooling, seems to have given his work, commercial though it was, a certain moral sanction. He saw electricity not just as a means of lighting streets, driving trains and making millions, but as a blessing that would save eyesight, spread the advantages of reading, and enable the surgeon to work as well by night as by day.

"Man," he said, at a banquet given in his honour when he was eighty-two, "will march on towards the light." Time has given that particular prophecy a decidedly ironic twist ; few people, these last few years, are as convinced as they were that civilisation marches onward and upward across the graph of history. But the rest of the old man's halting, moving speech, warning the world against science divorced from moral purpose, has stood the test as well as Aldous Huxley's warning against the mechanisation of thought, reading and entertainment—"the horrors of Utopia," as he once summed it up in a letter to me—in *Brave New World*. A friend read *Brave New World* on its first appearance and thought it a brilliant *jeu d'esprit*. He tells me he read it again the other day and found it frightening.

Don't, as the hostess said, let all this deter you ; any moral in *Edison the Man* is well wrapped up in entertainment. Edison's meeting with the young telegraph operator (played charmingly by Rita Johnson) who was to be his wife, his dogged attempts to see the manager of Western Union, and the lucky accident that gave him a chance to work for the first time in a properly equipped workshop—these scenes are full of shrewd characterisation and quiet humour. Later, with marriage and work conflicting, and the money received from his stock ticker gone, the mood deepens. The climax is the race against time and the gas interests to light New York, won at the last minute after a battle with a maniacally unbalanced dynamo.

"Saturday's Children" is a simple and sentimental tale about the meeting, courtship, and first struggling months of marriage of a young couple (John Garfield and Anne Shirley). Claude Rains is also very much in the picture as the girl's father. The film is based on Maxwell Anderson's Pulitzer Prize play, was directed by Vincent Sherman, was at the Warner Theatre last week, is briefly commented on above

THE strangest thing about *Saturday's Children* is that it should be from a Pulitzer Prize play written by Maxwell Anderson. The first half has plenty of humour and agreeable character-drawing, but nothing to indicate the author of *Winterset* ; the rest goes to pieces in a welter of melodrama and sentimentality. John Garfield, so long the self-pitying plaything of the gods, has a chance to play a modest little clerk, but later reverts to type ; and Anne Shirley acts well enough to prove that in the right part she could act better.

"BRITAIN CAN TAKE IT" has had much praise, but not, I think, too much. A superb commentary by Quintin Reynolds, London correspondent of *Collier's Weekly*, is matched by faultless (and courageous) photography and sound-effects of London under fire. The result is one of the most brilliant shorts I have ever seen, and certainly the most moving.

(A full-page picture of Spencer Tracy in "Edison the Man" appeared in last week's issue.)

Firemen of the Iron Road

Specially trained to fight railway fires are eighty men of the Southern Railway's staff. They are equipped with regulation A.F.S. overalls, steel helmets, respirators, boots, and they travel to the scene of conflagrations in a fire-fighting train fitted with six engine-tenders that have a capacity of 15,000 gallons of water. A 20-h.p. petrol motor delivers a pressure of 60 lb. to the square inch for two hoses and can maintain this force for two and a half hours—long enough to deal with any fires that may develop near the lines. Before its conversion to fire-fighting, the train was used to kill weeds growing between the tracks. It now faces a graver and more exacting task in the form of enemy incendiary bombs which may fall on vital goods yards or on stationary trains. Here, firemen of the Southern Railway are playing hoses on the roof of a train to prevent it catching fire from wind-borne embers

Family life *follows the same simple and dignified ritual as characterises all aspects of the Gill community. Meals are eaten in the stone-flagged kitchen, family and friends at a big refectory table, servants at another table. Eric Gill sits at the head, Mrs. Gill, a cat on her shoulder, at the other end; between them are Father Flood, Joanna Hague, Clemency Geddes, Hugo Yardley*

The school *began with the Gill grandchildren as its only pupils, but now a number of London evacuees share the lessons. Father Flood, resident priest and close friend of the family, is the school's director*

Community

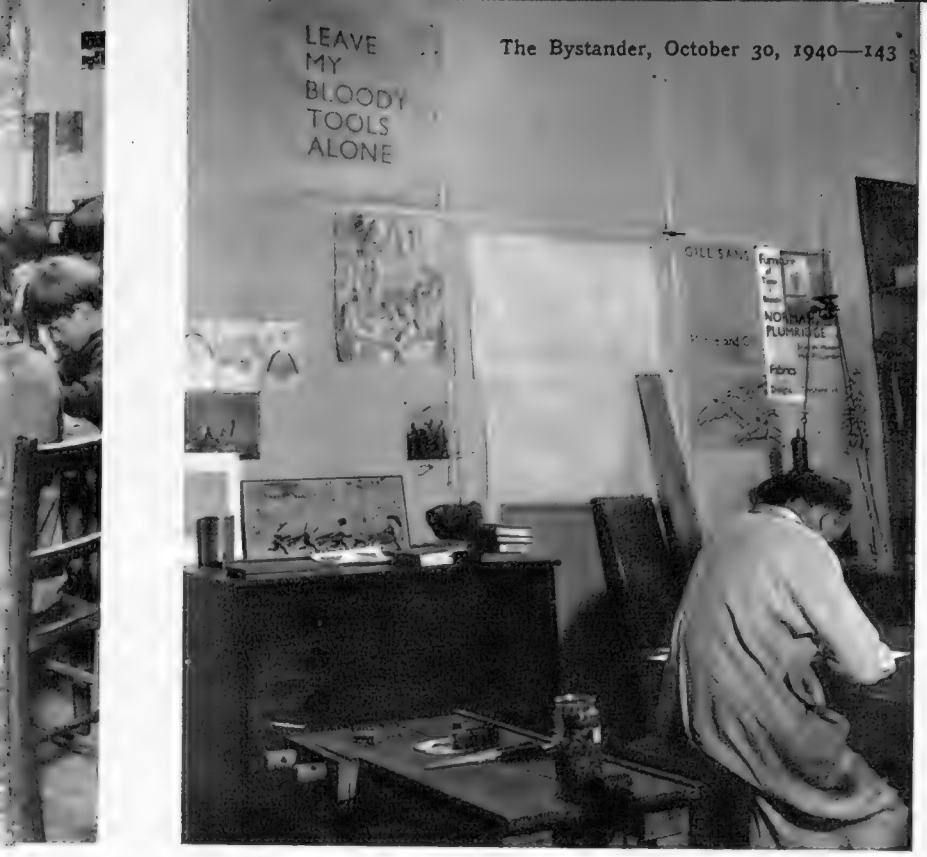
Sculptor Eric Gill's Home at

Eric Gill is a sculptor of international fame, a carver, engraver, and designer of the highest repute, a typographer whose Gill Sans has influenced all modern type design, and a sociological philosopher whose book titles—*Money and Morals, Work and Property, Work and Leisure, The Necessity of Belief*—indicate the direction of his thought. He is also the head of a small community in Buckinghamshire whose members live and work in organised and intelligent harmony. Gill and his wife went to Pigotts, on a hillside above High Wycombe, in 1928, choosing this miniature farm-estate because it seemed suitable for his work and for family life "on non-industrial lines." Eighteen acres of land yield a reasonable amount of home-grown food, and cows and sheep are kept. Two Gill daughters

Peaceful centre *of a busy office and printing-room, next to the memorial carvings which*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

An altar panel *for the St. George's Chapel, Westminster Cathedral, is the most important work Gill has in hand at present. The small figure at the back of the studio is a model for a statue, the caryatid figure to the right of it is carved in Wellington pine. Gill was chosen five or six years ago to design and execute the huge panels for the Council Chamber of the Palace of Peace at Geneva which were presented to the League of Nations by the British Government*



Plain speaker, *judging by the admonition about his tools, is Denis Tegtmeier, who married one of Eric Gill's daughters. This distinguished engraver, designer and cartoonist has his studio-workshop in one of the buildings round the grassy courtyard (see below)*

Stone worker *Laurence Cribb chisels a gravestone in Gill's big carving-shop which opens on to the farmyard—hence the intruder, a fat young sheep. The memorial to a child, on the left, is the work of a Gill pupil, Walter Ritchie*

# of Artists

Pigotts in Buckinghamshire

Priest and sculptor *sit in the warm afternoon sunlight in a setting whose cheerful simplicity and shining exact cleanliness are reminiscent of a Dutch-interior painting. Eric Gill became a Roman Catholic twenty-seven years ago. There is a private chapel at Pigotts, and Father Flood is the resident priest. Gill, however, is no dreaming mystic, but a great artist and craftsman who orders his life with a disciplined and practical simplicity*

married artists and craftsmen, and have settled with their husbands and children in cottages on the estate. A priest, pupils of Gill's, workers and servants make up the community. Gill says of it that it has been "a perfectly natural growth and not the product of any theoretical movement, however much its principles may be confirmed by what seems to me sound doctrine. There is nothing except accidental which could be called communal life here, but, of course, when two or three families live in proximity they evolve a certain amount of mutual aid, but the main idea and origin of this establishment is simply that of people who want workshops and homes and a bit of land to help with the food and thus avoid as much as possible recourse to New Zealand mutton and Chinese eggs"

community is the grassy yard. On the right is the drawing the stone shop, against which rest three examples of according to Gill, are the more lucrative side of his work

***Citadel** of London's light relief is the Windmill Theatre. Defying the destruction that descends from above, it offers a two-hour show three times daily*

***Combatants** in the struggle to keep the public amused under wartime conditions are these members of the Revudeville company. Eric Woodburn, centre, puts feeling into a rehearsal. In the 138th Edition he does a number entitled "Peeping Tom"*

A Non-Stop Revue —and They Mean It!

Revudeville Carries On at the Windmill Theatre

Sole custodian of London's lighter entertainment in these hectic days of bombs and *Blitz* boredom has been the little Windmill Theatre, just off Piccadilly Circus. In spite of Hitler and his marauding Heinkels the show goes on. Three performances are given daily. The public (mostly male) are attracted in fairly considerable numbers and they gallantly brave blast and missile to gaze upon shapely limbs and torsos. Determined to keep up the morale of its patrons, the Windmill, if hit or damaged, will continue the show at a neighbouring theatre. Produced by Vivian Van Damm, the 138th Edition of *Revudeville* opened on Monday, the 28th. This popular show is now in its ninth year. On these pages are some behind-the-scenes pictures of the people who prepare and present their work to "the other side of the footlights".

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

***Admirers** of a colleague's technique are Sonia, Paddy a Revudeville belles. They watch Beatrice Appleyard, the talented entire cast sleep in comfortable quarters under the stage, and ma*

***Jokesters** who have shut themselves in their office to prepare funny lines for future editions of Revudeville are Stan West, Johnny McGregor, Frank Witty and Charles Rose. Apparently it is a serious business to be amusing*

Model *Valerie seized a fan when the photographer entered her room. She was dressing (undressing) for a scene in the show. Valerie is one of the lovely models in Revudeville*

Chorines *Pam and Joyce await the call to go on in one of their numbers. The small photograph over their dressing-table mirror is that of Mrs. Laura Henderson, the owner of the Windmill Theatre*

Chrystal, some of the ncer of the show. The it a truly non-stop job

Ballerina *of the show is Beatrice Appleyard. In the 138th Edition she does a classical dance that is rather an innovation for the Windmill, with a "Sylphides" atmosphere. By contrast, the show is opened by a daring cape scene*

Eighteenth-Century Dancer

Studies of Pamela May in Ninette de Valois' "The Prospect Before Us"

In the summer of 1940 the Vic-Wells Ballet gave a season which was due to end on July 12th. On September 6th, a few hours before the bombing of London began, the curtain came down on the last performance. Chiefly this prolongation of the season was due to the tremendous success of a new work, Ninette de Valois' *The Prospect Before Us*. On the wit, vitality and rich invention of this masterpiece, and the brilliant performance of Robert Helpmann as a bankrupt, tipsy theatre manager, nostalgic memories of those last pre-blitzkrieg ballet weeks focus themselves. For the moment, London has lost its Rosebery Avenue dancers to the Services, to whom the company is now performing under the auspices of E.N.S.A. When this engagement is over, it is hoped that a tour of the theatres in the Midlands and North of England will follow

Photographs by Anthony

A Ballerina and Her Dancing Shoes: Pamela May as Mlle. Theodore

Pamela May created her most important role as the eighteenth-century ballerina of "The Prospect Before Us," a vain, capricious, charming creature for whom choregraphers, managers, her fellow-dancers exist only as a background and means to her butterfly success. She has a deliciously light and original solo in the first scene (of which these pictures were taken), where she comes on to the stage for a rehearsal carrying a handful of slippers, and tries on one pair after another before her fancy is suited. Both here and in the Grand Divertissement, Pamela May's performance is near perfection in its studied, elegant simplicity. Particularly noticeable are the beauty and pure, fluid movements of her feet and legs in the classical steps xecuted, according to the period, in unblocked shoes

Old Bill and Co.: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"All right! Let 'em 'ave the French ports for a bit, but what 'ave they done to our lines o' communication? Nothin'!

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Victorian Moss

By V. S. Pritchett

On the principle that it is best to get over the bad news first and then settle down to cheerfulness, I will begin with a sinister prophecy from a now despised prophet. It is in a book which Miss Viola Meynell has edited, *The Letters to Sir Sydney Cockerell* (Cape; 17*s*.). When he was young, Cockerell was a worshipper of Ruskin—he even secured a lock of the prophet's hair, which was, perhaps, not such a very great feat among the hairy Victorians — and Ruskin said, speaking of the London slums: "You will never destroy the East End till you have destroyed the West End." That is for brooding upon until next week. The first thing one does with an intimidating book of this kind is to go through the photographs. There is Ruskin himself, looking like a picture of Highland cattle in a mist; next is Wm. Morris—"A rock," Ruskin said, "with perhaps a little moss on him"; there is a lot of moss. Burne-Jones beside him is simian and moody; and further on Tolstoy glowers like a chimpanzee about to break out in fantastic rage. Is there nothing, nothing at all in the theory that *The Origin of Species* could only have been written in an age devoted to facial hair? Among the women, May Morris is the Rossetti girl. She is beautiful. I would not say that of the others.

One turns over the photographs in dread of entering the cemetery of correspondence. The dread is misplaced. Cockerell was a man who had the art of making the celebrated write interesting letters, and this collection is various, amusing and instructive. Men like Scawen Blunt and A. C. Benson, T. E. Lawrence and the older Cobden-Sanderson wrote excellent letters; and Ouida had a gorgeously indignant slap-dash mind which could make her veer suddenly from the solemn to the batty and irrelevant. If only Tolstoy had been born in France, she says, but "the frightful life" of Russia "disordered his brain." The next moment she is finishing a paragraph with:

"Of all the imbecile and wicked manias, the Craze of sport seems to be the most odious. The Marquis of Ginnari, a famous sportsman, is just dead; he shot for a wager 1000 swallows and killed every one." What a guardsman! Then there is Mrs. Thomas Hardy. She catches the note of *Jude the Obscure* in this report of a conversation with her husband:

F. H.: "It's twelve days since you spoke to anyone outside the house."

T. H. (*triumphantly*): "I have spoken to someone."

F. H. (*surprised*): "Who was it?"

T. H.: "The man who drove the manure-cart."

F. H. (*much impressed*): "What did you say?"

T. H.: "Good morning."

Some of the letters touch on the last war, and it is interesting to compare reactions. Scawen Blunt, in the serenity of a Sussex country house, was longing for the destruction of white civilisation;

***Yorkshire writer** (who smokes a pipe) is Thomas Armstrong; his first novel, "The Crowthers of Bankdam," has just been published by Collins. It is over 240,000 words long, deals with a wool-trade family, has been compared to Winifred Holtby's "South Riding." Mr. Armstrong is in Yorkshire writing another book*

W. R. Lethaby, the architect, comes, I feel, just a little closer to us with his:

"As for me, I am torn and torn, I get careless when there is a respite and frightened when there is not." Ouida prophesies the end of the world by a "combustion of the atmosphere by electricity." One moves from this to the quieter row between Emery Walker and Cobden-Sanderson about the type of their printing-press, in which the latter disgraced himself with huge delight by throwing the type into the Thames lest his partner should get hold of it. Well, there they are: the roars, the arguments, the pleasantries, the rheumatics of the great. A book for the bookish, escape with dignity.

M. André Maurois' *Battle of France* (Bodley Head; 7*s*. 6*d*.) has, as he says, a pathos of its own. It is the day-by-day story of last year's Fool's Paradise, lightly done, without the Bramble touch—but then, this has not, alas, been a Bramble's war. There is a story to think about towards the end. An English destroyer had sunk a German ship and had taken the captain on board. He seemed a man worthy of respect and as the Commander of the destroyer was spending the night on the bridge, he offered his cabin, the best on the ship, to the German. But down below the German stopped short on the threshold of the cabin and backed away:

"No," he said; "this is a trap of some sort."

"Why?"

"Because it's quite impossible that you'd be giving your Commander's cabin to a prisoner."

"But why? You're our guest."

And then, convinced they were in earnest, he stood and looked at them for a long time in silence. Then his eyes filled with tears and he said:

"Ah, you poor lads! You've no idea what you're fighting against."

The book is illustrated by Ardizzone's post-prandial Goya-esques of the wangled and mangled French campaign. He draws a world vulgarly content with its decay, indeed sunnily oblivious of it. But where Goya put horror into the eyes of his subject and drew the body, Ardizzone simply puts dots for the brainless eyes and guys the clothing. A collection of his drawings might be called not Disasters of the War, but Disasters of the Official Wardrobe.

With *Mr. Bunting*, by Robert Greenwood (Dent; 7*s*. 7*d*.), we enter the fertile country of what, in the days of *The Diary of a Nobody*, used to be called "the too real." This is an unpretentious, amusing novel of lower middle-class suburban life, done with notable fidelity. Mr. Bunting is "the little man," the suburban father of a difficult family, a bowler-hatted Atlas bearing the burden of the world. Sixty-two, managing a department in an ironmongery shop, he is the Pooter of our time, the once awful Lupins grown old in the paying of rates, income tax, life insurance, mortgages, the gas, the electric light and children's extras at a school better than the one he went to himself. Unlike the future of Pooter, the future of Mr. Bunting is insecure. Young men who know about high pressure, sales talk, conferences, display, and charts threaten to turn him out of his job. His sons like him, but they think he is a fool, and he himself is staggered by the things they know about and of which he knows nothing: cars, sonatas, aero engines, and financial speculation. It is a bitter, if perversely comforting, reflection for Mr. Bunting that their noisy world depends entirely on him. If he loses his job, where are they? Mr. Robert Greenwood is as successful with the younger generation as he is with Mr. Bunting, and this is a very sympathetic and amusing novel, if there is not much behind it.

Novels recommended:

The Don Flows Down to the Sea. Mikhail Sholokhov. (Putnam; 9*s*. 6*d*.)
Lighter than Day. Desmond Hawkins. (Longmans; 7*s*. 6*d*.)
Star of Satan Georges Bernanos. (Bodley Head; 8*s*. 6*d*.)
Jane Fairfax. Naomi Royde-Smith. (Macmillan; 8*s*. 6*d*.)

"Bystander" Short Story

Serpents Can't Fly

By Garnett Radcliffe

Illustration by Mendoza

So his Royal Highness the Rajah of Sindapure, Prince of Islam, Ruler of the Red Cities, Knight of the British Empire and Heaven alone knows what else, is dead! I see in this morning's *Telegraph* he has been burned to death in a car smash on the Italian Riviera at the age of thirty-two.

He will be mourned in English sporting circles. Especially at Wimbledon. The Centre Court fans will remember him as a lithe sportsman who hailed victory and disaster with the same flashing smile. They will recall his leopard-like agility, his thin, brown, braceleted arm that could out-smash Borotra, his unerring back-hand drives and his electrifying service. A great player, who might have become a second Tilden had he had more time to devote to the game.

Even more than his tennis will they recall his charming personality. As long as tennis is played "Sindy" will be spoken of with affection as a great sportsman.

Well, I don't know. One doesn't like to knock a popular idol, especially after he's dead, but I, personally, didn't feel any inclination to weep when I read that paragraph this morning.

What I remembered was how I was once his guest in his own independent State in Central India, and was there a witness of the hardest game he ever played.

And what I said to myself was, "Serpents can't fly."

I'll tell you the story, even though it is in some respects against myself. At the time it happened I was a junior partner in the firm of Gabriel and Sage, Jewellers and Watchmakers, of Calcutta.

We were the best and most expensive firm in that line in the Orient. If we hadn't been, Sindy, who was reputed to be the fourth richest Prince in India, which is saying a lot, wouldn't have honoured us with his patronage.

He was a good customer. Out and away the best customer we had. I remember the occasion he ordered diamond-studded wrist-watches for the entire chorus at the Paris Casino.

The "Antelope" diamond a certain beautiful Italian Marquise wears in her tiara went to her from our store via Sindy. And we supplied him with every single one of the tie-pins, cuff-links, studs, necklaces, pendants, bracelets, rings, cigarette-cases, lighters, pearls, seals and clocks he showered like sparks wherever he went. For there was nothing mean about Sindy. I have seen him come with a friend into our store and invite him or her (usually her) to choose whatever she liked.

Yes, he was a good customer. But there was a fly in the amber of his custom. And that was that he never paid for what he bought.

When his bill had passed even the limit of the credit that can be extended to an Indian Prince, old Gabriel wanted to bring the matter to the notice of the British Supervisor of the Sindapure Revenue, having been legally advised that that was his only hope of getting the money.

I was against taking that extreme measure You see, at that time I shared the general opinion of Sindy. He was a good sportsman. And good sportsmen don't cheat their tradesmen.

Probably the delay in the settling of the bill was not Sindy's fault at all. He might have paid it several times over—and the money had gone to swell the banking account of some minor official in the treasury department.

I happened to see Brill's body after he had crashed

And I urged old Gabriel to let me go to Sindapure, that I might bring the matter to his own personal notice.

In the end, old Gabriel agreed. I don't think it was my eloquence so much as his own knowledge that to dun an Indian Independent Ruler would be about as easy as to dun the Pope.

It was a long journey to Sindapure from Calcutta, made in descending degrees of comfort.

From my first-class carriage in the Bombay Express I changed to a car, from the car to a pony-drawn ekkha, and when eventually I saw the domes and minarets of Sutander, which is the capital of the State, I was sitting on my valise in a bullock-cart, with my servant at my feet.

Though I had travelled hopefully I was glad when we creaked under a mighty sandstone arch into what might have been the original "rose-red city half as old as time."

Next morning, changed, bathed and refreshed by a night in the European rest-house, I paid my call on the young ruler of this mass of baked antiquity.

I anticipated delays, difficulties and much giving of backsheesh. I expected to find my way to the Presence barred by a host of officials whose itching palms would have to be anointed with silver.

And I was very agreeably surprised to find that Sindy lived in an ultra-modern bungalow, where all I had to do was to hand my card to a smiling khitmagar.

And the khitmagar didn't even have to usher me into the room where Sindy was. He came out himself, shook me by the hand, told me how glad he was to welcome an Englishman (I'm not sure he didn't say "another Englishman") in what he called this God-forsaken dust-heap, and asked me if I'd rather have a gin swizzle, a chota peg or an iced lager.

A Prince Charming indeed! I decided the ultimatum Gabriel had told me to shove into his hand directly I saw him must wait. To have produced it then would have been boorish in the extreme.

At tiffin he asked me if I played tennis. And when I told him I did and had, in fact, been runner-up in the Calcutta Tournament that year, he cheered like a happy schoolboy.

"What luck! You're just the chap I was longing for. You see, I want some hard practice; my professional has gone ill and there's no one else in Sindapure knows one end of a racket from the other. . . . And Brill—you've heard of Brill, the American?—has challenged me to a return match . . ."

I hadn't heard of Brill, the American, but I was delighted to oblige. He lent me kit, and that evening we played singles until it was too dark to see.

If Sindy was hot stuff at Wimbledon, on his own court he was devastating. I could only take seven games off him in four sets, although I was playing above my usual form.

As we walked back to the royal bungalow for a sundowner he consoled me for my defeat.

"Without boasting," he said, "I think I can say truthfully there aren't three players in the world could beat me on my own court. And," he added with a smile, "Mr. Brill is not one of them."

I was still at Sindapure when Brill arrived. Sindy had pressed me to stay. He'd been good enough to tell me he enjoyed having me there, that I gave him as good practice as his professional could have done, and that if he beat Brill the credit would be mine.

As a further token of his regard he had given me a gold cigarette-case, the property of Gabriel and Sage.

But that didn't matter. I'd shown him the account and he had promised to settle it. He'd been charmingly apologetic; that it had not been settled before, he explained, had been the fault of some minor secretary.

Anyway, he'd see to it immediately. In a month—certainly not more than a month—Gabriel and Sage would have his cheque. They would have had it on the dot, only (as he explained with charming frankness) the taxes had not been collected yet, the priests wouldn't let him touch the temple treasures that were really his, and in consequence he was temporarily embarrassed for ready cash.

And I, forgetting what Lord Stafford is reputed to have said on his way to the block, was quite satisfied to wait.

Brill didn't arrive, as I had done, in a bullock-cart. If Sindy was a Prince of the East, Brill was a Prince of the West, his father being a cattle king. And he arrived as the son of a cattle king should—in the high-powered, single-seater monoplane in which he was touring India.

Which sounds as if he were a very grand person; but he wasn't. He was a simple, unaffected young man, with sandy hair, whose two passions were flying and playing tennis.

This match was the outcome of long-standing rivalry between Sindy and himself. They had played against each other in California, at Cannes, at Wimbledon, Paris and

(Concluded on page 158)

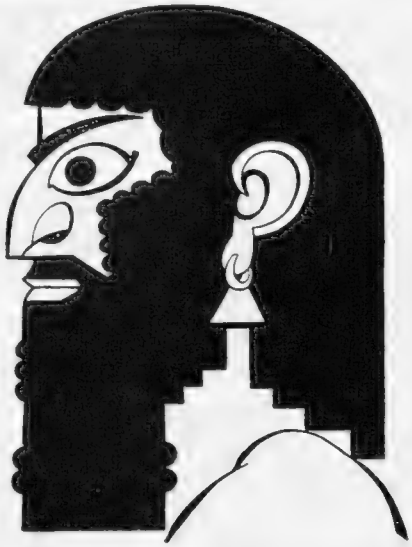
And What Are We? By Hewitt

It's easy, and, in fact, usual to describe the—

Sumerian cast of countenance as "very droll" and—

—the Egyptian as "very calm" and—

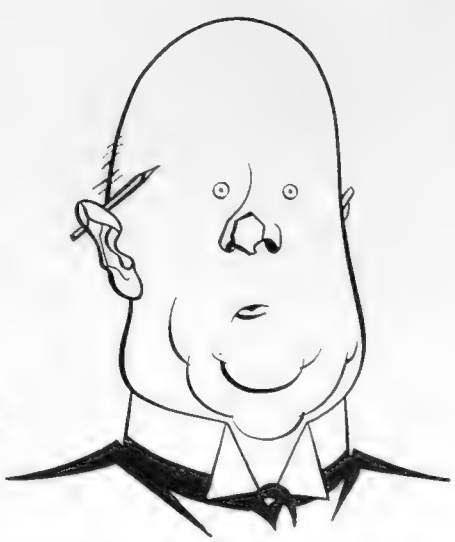
—the Etruscan as "very mischievous" and—



—the Assyrian as "very ferocious" and—

—the Greek as "very beautiful" and—

—the Roman as "very powerful" but—



—will future generations find it as easy to describe us?

Coats

By Day and By Night

Always ready to wear, nothing to get out of order—these are only two of the many advantages of an ensemble. Jays, of Regent Street, have this coat and frock in the Ready-to-Wear Department on the second floor. The dress is in a fine soft woollen, the coat slightly heavier, both in a glowing red-brown colour to cheer you on wintry days. Flat furs are rapidly replacing the fluffy varieties, so this coat has wide bands of Persian lamb, cleverly twisted into pockets at the hipline. For your country week-ends they have well-cut tweed suits in the same department, with or without companion top-coats

A town coat is usually the backbone of a winter wardrobe, but this year the coat you will wear every evening is just as important. Walpole, of New Bond Street, have a delightful collection of housecoats, as attractive as dinner dresses and a good deal warmer. Their model above is in a pure wool jersey, very soft and light in weight, cut with bishop sleeves and skirt fullness from the pockets. They have it in several colours. Another model has a black and white harlequin velvet top and a sweeping skirt in a hairy woollen material

Photographs by Peter Clark

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Lloyd-James — Walker

Flying Officer David Lloyd-James, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Professor and Mrs. A. Lloyd-James, of 43, Hollycroft Avenue, N.W.3, and Penelope Walker, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Walker, of 11, Mulberry Walk, S.W.3, were married at Merstham Church, Surrey. His father is linguistic adviser to the B.B.C.

Oddie — Kessler

Flying Officer Ripley Oddie, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ingleby Oddie, of Chess-side, Croxley Green, Herts., and Jeannette Kessler, daughter of the late Edward Kessler and Mrs. Kessler, of 3, Brompton Square, S.W.3, were married at Ellesborough Church, Bucks. She is a ski-ing international and former British ski champion

Hopton — Daniell

Capt. John Gordon Hopton, R.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Ulric Hopton, of Chute Manor, Andover, Hants., and Barbara Daniell, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. John C. Daniell, of 15, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Fane — Borthwick

Lieut. Robert Fane and Elinor Valerie Borthwick, elder daughter of the Hon. William and Mrs. Borthwick, of Deepdale House, Brancaster, Norfolk, and 14, Wilton Crescent, S.W.1, and niece of Lord Whitburgh, were married at St. Mary's, Brancaster. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fane, of 24, Dawson Place, W.2

Anderson — Jardine of Applegirth

Lieut. Charles Patrick Anderson, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of the late Lt.-Col. W. H. Anderson, V.C., and Mrs. Anderson, and Christian Maule Jardine, only daughter of Sir Alexander Jardine of Applegirth, Bt., and Lady Jardine, of Craiggowan, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire, were married at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh

(Concluded on page 159)

***Departing** from the Bomber Station to which they are attached, these six members of a "Wellington" bomber's crew set off for a trip over Germany, where they will unload their high-explosive baggage. 10,000 more men of New Zealand are being trained as pilots, observers, gunners. The tour should become crowded*

***Boarding** their equipme flight of the w the R.N.Z.*

Empire Wings Over Germany

New Zealand Pilots Carry the War to the Enemy

The long arm of the British Empire is reaching out and bringing down upon the heads of the Nazi aggressors a retributive shower of high-explosive. Serving in this country are many New Zealand airmen, some of them operating as a complete unit of the Royal Air Force, while others are serving in various squadrons. Already, they have contributed glowing deeds of valour to the annals of Britain's winged warfare. The first "ace" of the war, "Cobber" Kain, was from New Zealand, and his skill and gallantry will long be remembered as an example to all those who wear R.A.F. wings. On these pages are pictures of pilots and airmen of a New Zealand Bomber Squadron preparing to go out on operations against Germany

***"Joe"** to his squadron mates is Pilot Officer G. K. Larney, of Wellington, N.Z.*

***"Popeye"** is officially Flight Lieut. Fred Lucas, who is from Cluthe Valley, N.Z.*

***D.F.C.** is Pilot Officer Duncan McArthur, of Canterbury, New Zealand*

ft, the crew prepare for an eventful journey. They climb in carrying r with the four barrels of his machine-guns. Longest reconnaissance y of over 2000 miles—was made by a "Wellington" bomber of it flew from its base in Scotland to Narvik and back

Commanding Officer *of the New Zealand Bomber Squadron with the R.A.F. is Wing Commander Buckley (right), talking here with Flying Officer "Bill" Williams, D.F.C.*

Sticks of bombs *before they are loaded into the bomber are not really sticks at all. It is only when they are released selectively from the bomb racks that they become sticks or salvoes. A stick usually comprises a number of bombs dropped in a line across the target at least one of which, it is calculated, will fall on its objective*

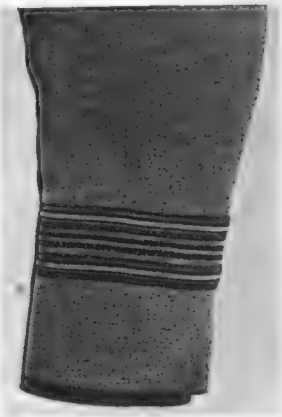
From Air Commandant to Aircraftwoman

Rank Sleeve-rings and Badges of the W.A.A.F.

Air Commandant *of the W.A.A.F. wears this hat and sleeve-ring. Miss J. Trefusis Forbes, Director of the Corps, is the only officer to wear them. She is stationed at the Air Ministry. Comparable rank in the R.A.F. is Air Commodore*

This week we conclude the series of rank markings in the women's Services with a page of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. This corps was formed in June 1939 under the direct command of the Air Ministry, and is one of the most popular of the women's corps. Its leader is Air Commandant J. Trefusis Forbes. The W.A.A.F., in conjunction with the A.T.S. and the W.R.N.S., has started a big recruiting drive for additional personnel. Required for duty at R.A.F. stations are telephonists, teleprinters, Morse slip readers, accounting clerks, special duties clerks, radio operators, cooks, stewards, and many other specialised jobs. Commissions in the W.A.A.F. are now obtained through the ranks

Officers *in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force wear this hat of Air Force blue barathea cloth, with gold crown, eagle, leaves*



Squadron Officer *is the equivalent of a Squadron Leader in the R.A.F.*

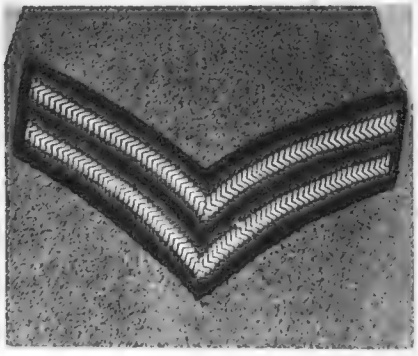
Flight Officer *is comparable to a Flight Lieutenant of the R.A.F.*

Enlisted ranks *of the W.A.A.F. wear this cap in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. It has a badge of laurel leaves with crown and the letters of the Royal Air Force. W.A.A.F.s serve at operational stations*

Section Officer *of the W.A.A.F. is equal to Flying Officer, R.A.F.*

Assistant Section Officer *is equivalent to Pilot Officer, R.A.F.*

Sergeant *wears three chevrons*



Corporal *wears two chevrons*

Aircraftwomen *wear this badge*

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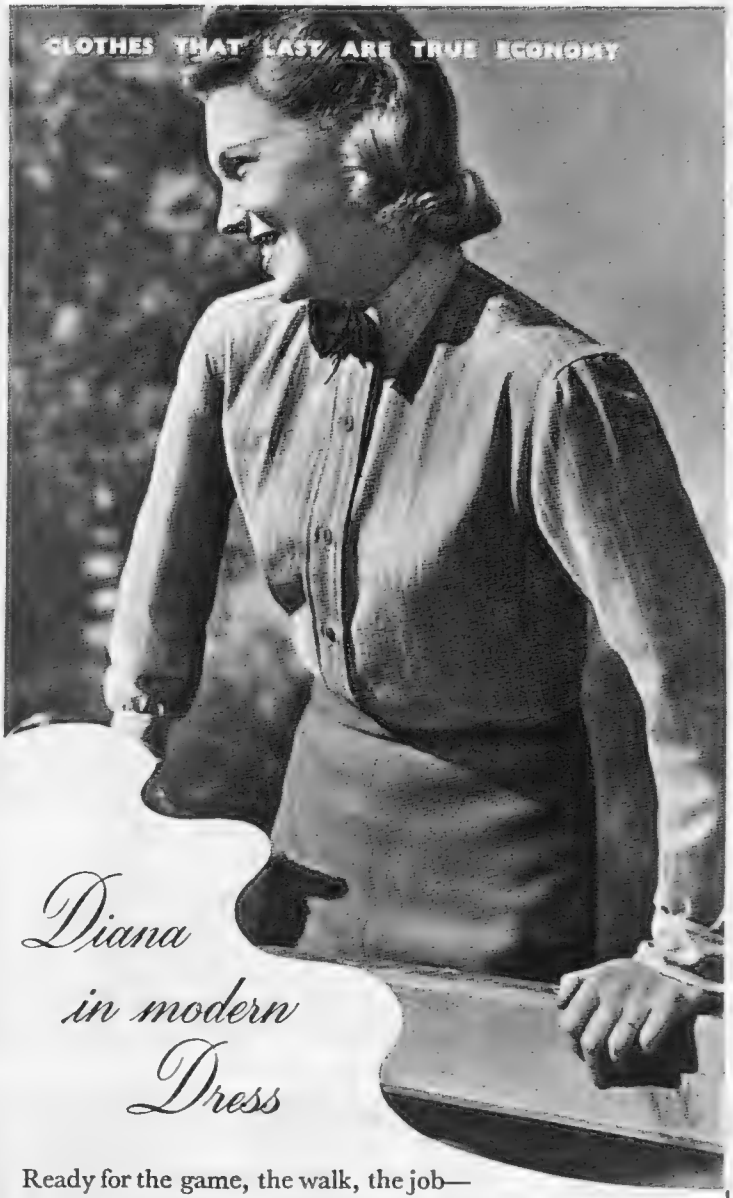

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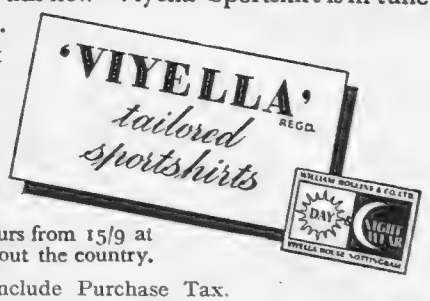

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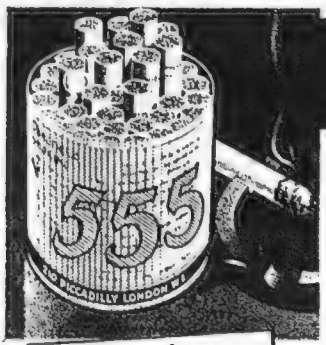

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THE BEST CIGARETTE IN THE WORLD

Serpents Can't Fly *(Continued from page 150)*

Berlin. Sometimes one had triumphed, sometimes the other.

There was nothing in it. But Brill was as firmly convinced he could beat Sindy as Sindy was that he could beat Brill.

The year before, Sindy had been Brill's conqueror in an open tournament at Cannes. And at the subsequent dinner Brill (I think he must have been flown with champagne) had backed himself to beat the Indian on any court in the world for a sum of £5000.

And Sindy had taken up the challenge, provided the match was played at Sindapure.

And over and above the wager—despite their apparent friendliness—I thought I could detect a strong feeling of personal rivalry between those two young men.

Sutander society, such as it was, turned up in force to see the game. The British political officer, the resident magistrate, the missionary and the headmistress of Sutander Girls' College represented the sahib-log. Sindy was more popular with them than he was with the people of his own race.

There were also present various brown-skinned Government officials, in gorgeous uniforms, whose manner towards their ruler seemed to me to be a mixture of disapproval and fear. I ascribed the former to his extravagance and English ways, but I knew no reason to account for the latter. Not then.

There was very little or no betting. Sindy's victory seemed a foregone conclusion. I, having given Brill several practice knocks to accustom him to the court, expected it myself. Although the American was a savagely powerful player, Sindy was faster, had better mastery of the ball, and knew more of court strategy.

But I knew it would be no walk-over. Brill was in better physical condition and he struck me as a man who would fight to the last ounce.

It was a perfect tennis evening. The sun was in the right quarter and the court firm and even as a slab of red marble.

Sindy took the first set 6—2 without extending himself. He played with Brill as a matador plays with a bull. He was cool as a snake in running water, an epitome of grace and skill.

When they crossed over Brill looked tired and his shirt clung to his body. He must have run many miles trying to retrieve the Indian's beautifully placed shots.

It was to be a five-set match. The second was a repetition of the first, except that Brill only got one game.

Again they crossed, for the third. Sindy was smiling as one who feels certain of victory.

He took the first four games of the third set in a row. It seemed as if all was over bar the shouting. And then Brill did what he should have done long before—he changed his game.

He stopped trying to beat the Indian by the sheer force and fury of his shots. He stopped racing to the net for a kill and began to lob.

And then it was Sindy's turn to begin to send them out. He was one of those players who would far rather deal with a fast return than a slow. Those high, well-placed lobs seemed to disconcert him utterly.

Brill made it five-all. Then he lost his head for a moment and Sindy captured the eleventh. The next game was an interminable succession of deuce and vantages, but Brill was now the cooler. He won it, and Sindy gave him the last by double-faulting twice.

The fourth set also went to Brill. He was playing now with machine-like accuracy. It must have been heart-breaking and infuriating for Sindy to find his most perfect shots lobbing back as if he were driving against a stone wall.

In the final set he lost his head a little. He became wild and Brill went to four-love.

And then Sindy made his supreme effort. He steadied himself and by sheer court wizardry evened the score.

He took the next and went to forty-love in the one after. But Brill fought back, and with the aid of a lucky net-shot took the game.

His temperament and physique had told. He took the next two games with comparative ease, to run out a most worthy winner.

Sindy took defeat like a Prince and a sportsman. He was laughing as he shook the American's hand across the net.

"The better man won," I heard him say.

ALL of which seems to show that the popular estimation of Sindy as a great sportsman was not far wrong.

But—well, I happened to see Brill's body a few minutes after he had crashed when taking off from the maidan outside the walls of Sutander.

And the cause of death had certainly not been multiple injuries and shock, as the Eurasian Court Physician declared.

Brill had been a dying man when his monoplane had nose-dived into the jungle from a thousand feet. And what had killed him had been the bites of at least four kraits.

And since kraits cannot fly, they must have been concealed in the 'plane before he took off.

Beyond doubt Brill was foully murdered, and the Eurasian doctor had had instructions he was not to notice the little red dots in purplish rings on the dead man's hand and arm.

I noticed them and I kept my own counsel and cleared out of Sindapure with all speed.

Queer devil, Sindy! He didn't mean to pay that £5000 to Brill any more than he meant to settle our bill.

Now that he's dead himself, I suppose his executors will settle the account—and I hope that Brill will have a chance of settling *his*.

THE END.

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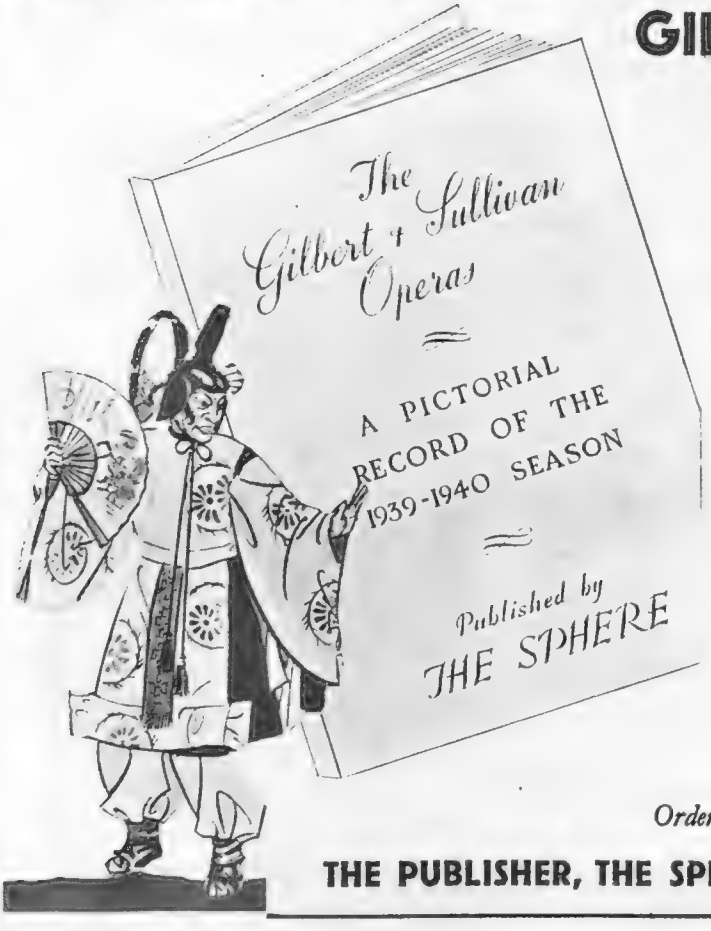

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The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

(Continued)

Davies — Wilson-Johnston

Caryl St. John Davies and Peggy Wilson-Johnston, elder daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. W. E. Wilson-Johnston, of 215, Sussex Gardens, W.2, were married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. His parents are Dr. and Mrs. E. T. H. Davies, of the Grove, Tredegar, Mon

John Sutro and Gillian Hammond were married at Chelsea register office. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Sutro, of 3, Hall Road, N.W. She is the daughter of Capt. C. E. Hammond, Irish Guards, and Mrs. Hammond, of 35, Moore Street, S.W.3

Sutro — Hammond

Scott-Harston — Caffney

Flying Officer Philipp Richardson Crompton, R.A.F.V.R., elder surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Crompton, of Belton Hall, Market Drayton, and Cecily Orton, only daughter of the late Brig. S. B. Orton and Mrs. Orton, of 55, Brooke Avenue, Harrow, were married at Christ Church, Harrow

Captain J. C. Scott-Harston and Cloradh Caffney, of 27, Upper Brook Street, W.1, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott-Harston, of Hong Kong

Crompton — Orton

Dewar — O'Malley

Capt. Kenneth Malcolm J. Dewar, Suffolk Regt., son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. K. G. B. Dewar, of Farnham, Surrey, and Maureen O'Malley, daughter of the Rev. J. J. O'Malley, Royal Army Chaplains' Dept. (rtd.), and Mrs. O'Malley, of Sandhurst Rectory, Berks., were married at St. Tarcisius', Camberley

Hewitt — Burgess

Sec. Lieut. Sir Joseph Hewitt, Bt., R.A. (Anti-Tank Regiment), of Gristhorpe Manor, Filey, Yorks., and Marguerite Burgess were married at Filey Parish Church. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Burgess, of Deepdene, Filey. He is the second Baronet, succeeded in 1923

Stenhouse — Borradaile

Sec. Lieut. John Howard Stenhouse and Viola Mary Evelyn Borradaile, daughter of Brig.-Gen. H. B. Borradaile, of the Beeches, Barcombe, Lewes, Sussex, were married at Barcombe Church. He is the son of the late Dr. J. Stenhouse and Mrs. Stenhouse, of Lewes

Another War Relief Four-Ball Match

Abe Mitchell, Maureen Ruttle, Pam Barton and Alf Padgham played a four-ball match on the Verulam Club course at St. Albans in aid of the "Daily Sketch" War Relief Fund. Miss Barton and Mitchell, formerly professional at Verulam, beat Miss Ruttle and Padgham, 1936 Open Champion, by 2 and 1

Northern Indian Championship

Mrs. J. F. L. Taylor (left), who has an L.G.U. handicap of 7, won the Ladies' Amateur Championship of Northern India by beating Mrs. H. E. Warry (14) by 8 and 7. Mrs. Taylor has now won the Championship Shield for three years running

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Taking It

THE Empire has not taken long to arrive in the picture, as well as in the name of the Empire Surprise Golf Competition run by *Fairway and Hazard*. This month, a Rhodesian player is the winner, Mrs. Howard, of the Nkana Golf Club, Southern Rhodesia. It was Bernard Darwin who set the conditions for the month : lowest total in relation to the par of the course for the first, seventh, tenth and eighteenth holes, and Mrs. Howard, who has a handicap of 7, took those four holes in par figures. *Fairway and Hazard's* enterprise in this matter is beginning to bear fruit, to the great good of the Duchess of Northumberland's Benevolent Fund for comforts for the A.T.S., and this month the yield has increased threefold, the Western Province L.G.U. of South Africa having sent a donation of £10.

THOUGH it is fine to think of these distant parts of the Empire, none of us who work in London these days wish to change places with anyone. It is so extraordinarily heartening to be here. Berlin may like to picture us in ruins ; even our own folk in the Provinces may be fearful, but the nearer you get to it, the less you seem to worry. You smile at the slogan chalked up on a time-table at a wayside Southern station—

" If our service ain't what it oughta,
It 's very much worse across the water."

You chuckle as the bus-conductor announces, " Ruins of Pompeii," at the bus-stop opposite demolition work ; and golfers outside the London area may take it from one who has seen a sprinkling of them inside it, that all are fighting fit and carrying on quite unperturbed.

For instance, one of them—whose side ought to have won the 1937 Autumn Foursomes but for a little mishap beyond the eighteenth—is now driving one of London's A.F.S. big men. She had to rush him to the Docks, where he was taking charge of what in that service they call an " incident." It was on the first night of the Dock fires, early in September. Her comment, even after being there all night, bombed at regular ten-minute intervals, was only that it was thrilling, and that she 'd never seen such a sight. She has just had her first night in bed for six weeks, having been on duty every one since the start of the " Blitz," but now, after a few days' leave, she is hoping for perhaps two nights a week. And she, mind you, is a voluntary worker.

THE question that has been in my mind—a purely golfing one—is, how all this will affect golf after the war ? I have been trying to picture the first tee on the first morning of the first post-war championship. Where shall we say ? Hunstanton, where the Women's Open was due to be played in the spring of 1940 ? ; or Ganton, down for the English of 1939 ? ; or St. Andrews, the Scottish of 1940 ? Let us say Hunstanton. It is a brilliant May morning. Big white clouds are piled high in a blue sky, and we can look up at them without wondering whether a Messerschmitt or a Heinkel lurks behind. Are they steady, or is that wisp of filmy cloud lower down moving so fast that the first tee-shot over the big bunker is going to be a bit of a teaser ? Which way is the wind ? There 's a delicious tang of sea in it, and one hears the waves making a good sound behind the dunes away on our left ; without defeatism, that means we are likely to push the first tee-shot a trifle, and we had better face facts. That breeze is likely to freshen when the tide changes ; by the time we are playing the eighteenth—if the match goes so far—it will be extraordinarily easy to get a thought too much draw on the second, and finish up out of bounds. A few practice shots before we start. No time for it ? Oh, well, things went well enough yesterday, why worry to-day ? In fact, why worry at all ? The war is over, evil things have been stamped out, and the world is slowly picking itself up out of the dust to rebuild on a saner, sounder foundation. How ridiculous to be fussing about any game. We are here to enjoy it.

ALL the same, here we are on the first tee, waiting for our name to be called, and the ridiculous feeling of first-tee-itis is upon us ; once the drive is hit, all will be well, but how hateful this wait is : it recalls some of those rather trying moments of the Blitzkrieg, when the sirens had gone and you were waiting for a bus or train which seemed as if it would never come. It had sometimes needed a bit of an effort to stand quite still then, and not to wonder, to the point of losing your place in the queue, whether it would be better to move away and try for some other bus. Of course, it was silly, but that wait for a bus in London, and the first tee on a championship morning, had a ridiculous similarity ; a making yourself feel, and appear, a good deal calmer than was quite genuine. How had one done it then ? Just by—but this is ridiculous ; here we are on the first tee for the first post-war championship, and what on earth has it got to do with waiting for a bus in the Blitzkrieg ? Nothing ? On the contrary, a good deal, for perhaps after the war we shall have a better sense of proportion and golf will feel the best fun in the world, and not the main and most important business in life.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* **and certify the scratch score of the course.** *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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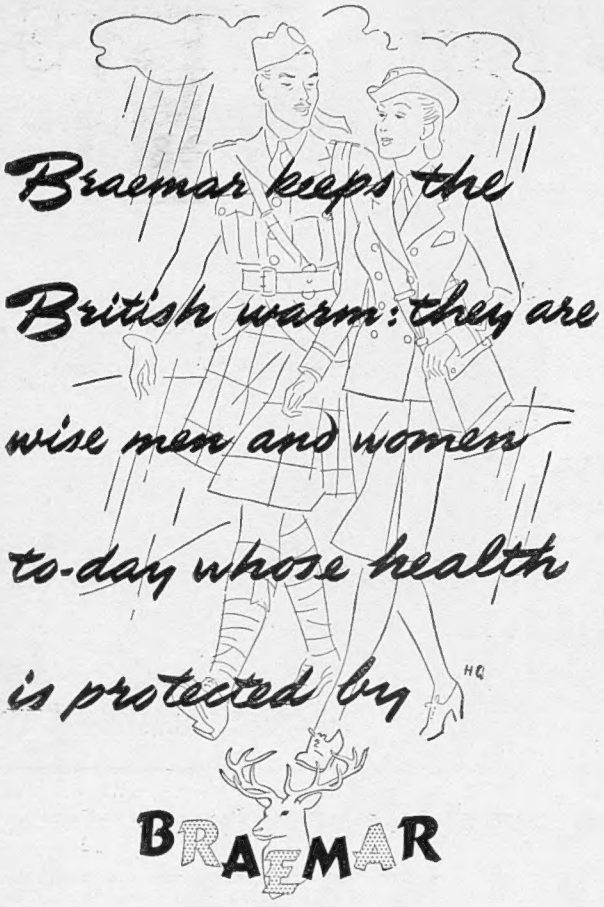

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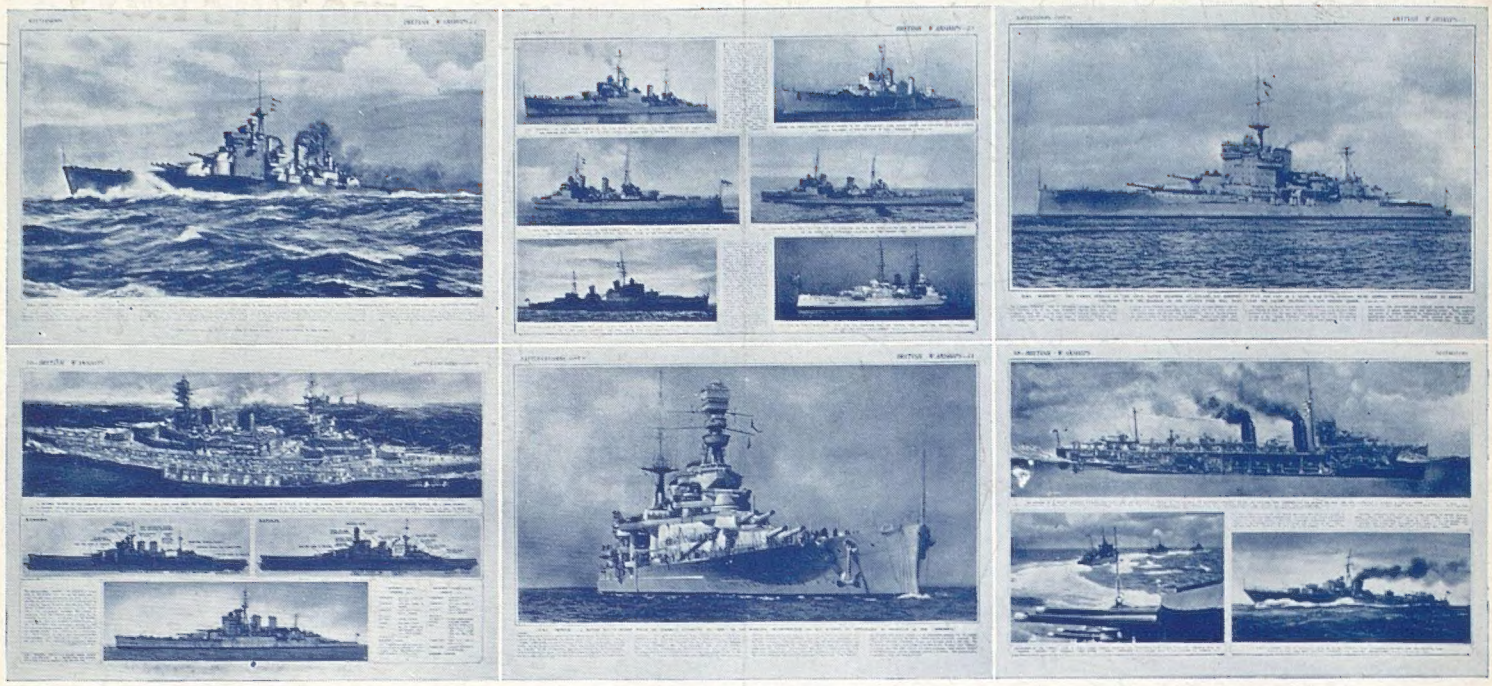

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1940. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.